

*Gal 4 E E*

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THE

S O N G S,

CHORUSES, &c.



[Price SIX PENCE.]



*West (G.)* *Gal 4 E E c*  
THE  
SONGS, CHORUSES,

AND

*608.  $\frac{c}{7}$  . 11.*

SERIOUS DIALOGUE

OF THE

M A S Q U E

CALLED

The Institution of the G A R T E

OR,

ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE restored.

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NEW EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET, and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand,  
Booksellers to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of WALES and  
Bishop of OSNABURGH.

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M D C C L X X L







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## Advertisement.

**T**H E eager and almost universal Curiosity, which the late *Installation* of the *Knights of the Order of the Garter* excited in the *Publick*, seemed in a manner to command our Attention, and justify our Endeavors to exhibit a Representation of it in the following Masque: The Difficulty was to give an adequate Idea, in a small Compass, of the various Circumstances of this great Solemnity, consisting of the *Installation*, *Procession*, and *Feast*.

The late Mr. *Gilbert West*, published, some Years ago, a Dramatick Poem called *The Institution of the Order of the Garter*, which has been much admired: It was, however, impossible to bring it on the Stage as it was originally written, because, though rich in Machinery, it was little more than a Poem in Dialogue without

Action : Some select Parts of it however, with a few necessary Alterations, and the Addition of some comic Scenes, were thought a proper Vehicle for the different Ceremonies of this great Festival. The Scene is laid in the Reign of *Edward* the Third, who was the Founder of the Order, after having restored that of the *Knights of the Round Table*, which we have supposed, with some Writers, to be continued at the Institution of the Garter.

No Expence has been spared, nor, we hope, any Object of Attention overlooked, which might conduce to make the following Masque as short, as various, and as faithful to the original Institution as possible.

The Songs, Choruses, and Serious Dialogue are published, that they may be better understood from the Stage. The comic Parts which are intended merely for the Preparation of the principal Scenes, are not printed, as they would lose much of their Effect by being separated from the Action of the Performer.

Mr. *West*, in order to give a greater Variety and to introduce some particular Characters into  
his

his Poem, has taken (as he acknowledges in a Note) the Advantage of a Licence usually allowed to Poets, of departing a little from Chronology, and postponing the Institution of the Order for a few Years.

Under the Sanction of this Authority, we have ventured to make use of the same poetical Licence, by throwing the Institution of the Order as many Years backward, as Mr. *West* has brought it forward. We have made the Black Prince nine Years younger than he was, when he was Knighted ; and we flatter ourselves that this Anachronism will be excused for the Sake of the Application.

Some other Liberties of less Consequence are necessarily taken for the Sake of rendering the whole more Theatrical ; we have had too long an Experience of the publick Indulgence, not to know that they will be readily overlooked, should the rest of the Performance have the good Fortune to be approved.





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THE  
SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE MASQUE CALLED

The Institution of the GARTER.

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After the OVERTURE,

The Curtain rises and discovers,

In SCENE the FIRST,

THREE SPIRITS.

FIRST SPIRIT.

**H**ITHER, all ye heav'nly pow'rs,  
From your empyreal bow'rs;  
From the fields for ever gay,  
From the star-pay'd milky way,  
From the moon's relucant horn,  
From the star that wakes the morn;  
From the bow, whose mingling dyes  
Sweetly chear the frowning skies;  
From the silver cloud that fails,  
Shadowy o'er the darken'd vales;  
From the elysiums of the sky,  
Spirits immortal, hither fly!

B

CHORUS

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Fly, and thro' the limpid air  
Guard in pomp, the sliding car,  
Which to his terrestrial throne  
Wafts Britannia's Genius down.

## SECOND SPIRIT.

Hither all ye heav'nly pow'rs,  
From your empyreal bow'rs!  
Chiefly ye, whose brows divine  
Crown'd with starry circlets shine,  
Who in various labours try'd,  
Once Britannia's strength and pride,  
Now in everlasting rest  
Share the glories of the blest!  
Peers and nobles of the sky,  
Spirits immortal, hither fly!

## CHORUS of BARDS and SPIRITS answer,

We fly, and charm the limpid air,  
While the softly-sliding car,  
To his sea-encircled throne,  
Wafts Britannia's Genius down.

## THIRD SPIRIT.

Hither too, ye tuneful throng,  
Masters of enchanting song,  
Sacred bards! whose rapt'rous strains  
Sooth the toiling hero's pains,  
Sooth the patriot's gen'rous cares;  
Sweetly thro' their ravish'd ears,  
Whisp'ring to th' immortal mind,  
Heav'nly visions, hopes refin'd;  
Hopes of endless peace and fame,  
Safe from envy's blasting flame,  
Pure, sincere in those abodes,  
Where to throngs of list'ning gods



Hymning Bards, to virtue's praise,  
Tune their never-dying lays.  
Sweet encomiasts of the sky,  
Spirits immortal, hither fly!

*The scene opens and discovers the Genius of England descending, attended by Spirits and Bards, who sing the following Chorus.*

We wake our harps to *Britain's* weal,  
Our bosoms glow with heav'nly love,  
The bliss that spotless *Patriots* feel,  
Is kindred to the bliss above.

GENIUS speaks.

Disdain not, ye blest denizens of air,  
To breathe this grosser atmosphere a while,  
Your service I shall need; mean time resort  
To yon imperial palace, and in air  
Shed your choice influence on the noble train,  
There on this solemn day assembled round  
The throne of British Edward; I a while  
Must here await th' approach of other Spirits,  
Sage Druids, Britain's old philosophers,  
Who still enamour'd of their ancient haunts  
Unseen of mortal eyes, they hover round  
Their ruin'd altars, and these sacred oaks:---  
But hence, aerial Spirits; lo, they come!

*The Spirits go off---the Genius and Bards come forward to meet the Druids in scene the third.*

CHIEF DRUID.

Inform us, happy Spirit, protecting power  
Of this our ancient country, where now  
From our sequester'd vallies, pensive groves,  
And dark recesses, thou hast summon'd us,  
To wait thy orders 'mongst these sacred oaks?

B 2

GENIUS.

## GENIUS.

A great event, sage Druids, that no less  
Imports, than this your ancient country's fame,  
From contemplation, and your silent shades  
Calls you to meet me in this dark recess.

## CHIEF DRUID.

Our country's weal, ev'n from the bliss of heav'n  
Can charm down patriot souls to visit earth,  
And in *her* cause exert their holiest ardors.

## GENIUS.

Know, in yon castle, whose proud battlements  
Sit like a regal crown upon the brow  
Of that high climbing lawn, doth EDWARD hold  
His solemn session, and this hour receives  
The pleas of all the aspiring candidates,  
Who summon'd by the herald's publick voice  
To Windsor, as to Fame's bright temple, haste  
From every shore; the noble, wise, and brave,  
Knights, senators and statesmen, lords and kings;  
Ambitious each to gain the splendid prize,  
By EDWARD promis'd to transcendent worth.  
For who of mortals is too great and high  
In the career of virtue to contend?  
Of these, selecting the most glorious names,  
Doth England's monarch purpose to compose  
A princely brotherhood, himself the chief,  
And worthy sovereign of th' illustrious band;  
A band of heroes, list'd in the cause  
Of honour, virtue, and celestial truth,  
Under the name, and holy patronage  
Of Cappadocian GEORGE, Britannia's Saint.

## CHIEF DRUID.

A plan of glory, which beyond the reach  
Of his own conqu'ring arms may propagate

The

The sovereignty of Britain, and erect  
 Her monarchs into judges of mankind!  
 How, Spirit, can we aid this glorious work?

## G E N I U S.

Strait to the chapel, fages, bend your way,  
 And there unseen, support me in the task  
 To guide our Edward's choice, clear from the mists  
 It haply hath contracted from a long  
 Unebbing current of prosperity,  
 His intellectual eye---From this day's choice  
 Of his first colleagues, shall succeeding times  
 Of Edward judge, and on his fame pronounce.  
 For dignities and titles, when misplac'd  
 Upon the vicious, the corrupt, and vile,  
 Like princely virgins to low peasants match'd,  
 Descend from their nobility, and soil'd  
 By base alliance, not their pride alone  
 And native splendor lose, but shame retort  
 Ev'n on the sacred throne, from whence they sprung,  
 So may the lustre of this order bright,  
 This eldest child of chivalry be stain'd,  
 If, at her first espousals, her great fire,  
 Caught by the specious outsides, that deceive  
 And captivate the world, admit the suit  
 Of vain pretenders, void of real worth;  
 Light, empty bubbles by the wanton gale  
 Of fortune swell'd, and only form'd to dance  
 And glitter in the sunshine of a court.

## C H I E F D R U I D.

We will attend thee, spirit, from thy hallow'd lips,  
 Breathe forth the sacred oracles of truth.

## G E N I U S.

And you, immortal bards, charm with your lays,  
 (The sacred songs of virtue) the pure air,  
 That evil sprites, if any such lurk here,

May



May quit the hallow'd and enchanted ground,  
Nor counter-act our sacred operations !

[*Exeunt Genius and Druids.*]

*Bards remain and sing the following Semi-Chorus.*

CHORUS OF BARDS.

Gentle spirit, we obey,  
Thus we charm the silent air ;  
Fiends and Demons shall not stay,  
Raptures of the blest to share.

S O N G.

FIRST BARD.

I.

*Ye southern gales, that ever fly  
In frolick April's vernal train,  
Who, as you skim along the sky,  
Dip your light pinions in the main ;  
Then shake them fraught with genial show'rs,  
O'er blooming Flora's primrose-bow'rs.*

II.

*Now cease a while your wanton sport,  
Now drive each threat'ning cloud away ;  
Then to the flow'ry vale resort,  
And hither all its sweets convey ;  
And ever, as you dance along,  
With softest murmurs aid our song.*

Repeat the chorus. Gentle spirit, &c.

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

*The Chapel of St. GEORGE.**The KNIGHTS seated in their Stalls.**King Edward comes forward, and meets the Prince of Wales.*

K. EDWARD.

Edward, approach, belov'd and noble son,  
 In whom my heart more joys, and glories, more  
 Than in the highest pride of sovereign pow'r :  
 Last I admit thee, Edward Prince of Wales ;  
 Thus to compleat the number of our order,  
 In evidence whereof---receive this robe  
 Of heavenly hue, ennobled by the shield  
 And ensign of our faith---about thy knee  
 Be bound that mystick Garter ; to denote  
 The bond of honour, that together ties  
 The brethren of St. George in friendly league,  
 United to maintain the cause of truth  
 And justice only—" May propitious Heav'n  
 " Grant that thou may'st henceforth wear it to his praise,  
 " The exaltation of this noble Order,  
 " And thy own glory."---With like reverence,  
 " My son, receive and wear this golden chain,  
 " Graced with the image of Britannia's saint.  
 " Heav'n's valiant soldier, Cappadocian GEORGE ;  
 " In imitation of whose glorious deeds,  
 " May'st thou triumphant in each state of life,  
 " Or prosperous, or adverse, still subdue  
 " Thy spiritual and carnal enemies ;  
 " That not on earth alone thou may'st obtain  
 " The guerdon of thy valour, endless praise,  
 " But with the virtuous, and the brave above,  
 " In solemn triumph, wear celestial palms,  
 " To crown thy final noblest victory."

*[Embraces the Prince.]*

PRINCE

## PRINCE EDWARD.

Accept, my sovereign liege, my grateful thanks,  
 That thou hast thus vouchsaf'd to place thy son  
 So near thyself upon the roll of fame:  
 And may thy benediction, gracious lord,  
 May thy paternal vows be heard in heav'n!  
 That he whom thou hast lifted in the cause  
 Of truth and virtue, never may forget  
 His vow'd engagements, nor defraud the hopes,  
 By foiling with dishonourable deeds  
 The lustre of that order, which thy name  
 Shou'd teach him to respect and to adorn.

## CHORUS.

Let his name,  
 With honour and fame,  
 Down the tide of ages roll:  
 Glory shall fire him,  
 Virtue inspire him,  
 'Till, blest'd and blessing,  
 Power possessing,  
 From earth to heav'n he lifts his soul!

FIRST PART ends.

PART



## PART THE SECOND.

## SCENE I.

*A gate of Windsor-Castle.*

This SCENE passes among the COMIC CHARACTERS,  
and the following Song is introduced.

## S O N G.

## I.

*O the glorious Installation !  
Happy nation !  
You shall see the King and Queen,  
Such a scene !  
Valour he Sir,  
Virtue she Sir,  
Which our hearts will ever win ;  
Sweet her face is,  
With such graces,  
Shew what goodness dwells within.*

## II.

*O the glorious Installation !  
Happy nation !  
You shall see the noble Knights !  
Charming fights !  
Feathers wagging,  
Velvet dragging,  
Trailing, sailing on the ground ;  
Loud in talking,  
Proud in walking,  
Nodding, ogling, smirking round---  
O the glorious &c.*

The Scene opens, discovering a prospect of  
Windfor-Castle, from within the gate.

THE  
PROCESSION of the KNIGHTS  
TO  
ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

SECOND PART ends.

## PART THE THIRD.

## SCENE I.

## St. GEORGE'S HALL.

*Where the Knights are discovered feasting at the Round Table.*

*After the different ceremonies, the Scene closes, and the comic Characters have a Scene in another Apartment near the Hall.*

*Then the Scene changes to a Garden. Soft Music is heard at a distance. The Genius of England leads on King Edward.*

## EDWARD.

What art thou, stranger, and why thus apart  
With looks of sweet benevolence and love,  
To these delightful shades, with which my eyes,  
If mem'ry fails not, ne'er were charm'd before;  
Draw'st Thou our steps by some resistless pow'r?

## GENIUS.

Behold the guardian Genius of this isle,  
Descending from the realms of cloudless day!  
Invisible I've watch'd thy glorious deeds,  
But on this solemn day I have vouchsaf'd  
To manifest my presence; to declare  
Not in those whispers, which have often spoke  
Peace to thy conscious heart, but audibly,  
And evident to all, th' assent of Heav'n  
To the great business, which hath gather'd here  
This troop of worthies from all nations round:  
Know that those actions which are great and good,



Receive a nobler sanction from the free  
And universal voice of all mankind,  
Which is the voice of Heav'n, than from the highest,  
The most illustrious act of regal pow'r.

This noble sanction, Edward, in the name,  
Not of this age alone, but latest time,  
Here do I solemnly annex to each  
Of thy great acts, but chief to this most wise,  
Most virtuous institution, which extends  
Wide as thy fame, beyond your empire's bound,  
A prize of virtue publish'd to the world.

*Ye registers of Heav'n record the deed!*

[A Chorus of Bards, Druids and Spirits unseen repeat it]

*Ye registers of Heav'n record the deed!*

EDWARD.

'Tis wond'rous all! my heart expands beyond  
Its mortal bounds to more than earthly bliss!

GENIUS.

More wonders are prepar'd for thee, O king!  
Behold what precious fruit the tree shall bear,  
Thy hand has planted in this happy isle!  
Visions of glory strike his raptur'd sight!  
Ye unborn ages, croud upon his soul!  
Spirits attend!---unfold futurity!--  
Now, Edward, taste that bliss, which ever flows  
From royal virtues, has flow'd, and shall flow  
From thee, Friend, Guardian, Father of thy people.

[Here a VISION.]

EDWARD.

This is too much for human strength to bear,  
Hold, hold my heart---th' excess of joy o'erwhelms me.

GENIUS.

## G E N I U S.

Now, re-ascend the skies, immortal Spirits!  
 Th' important act, that drew you down to earth  
 Is finish'd---spare we now his mortal sense,  
 That cannot long endure th' unshrouded beam  
 Of higher natures---let him undisturb'd,  
 But not unaided by the heav'nly pow'rs,  
 Compleat th' illustrious work, which future kings,  
 Struck with the beauty of the noble plan,  
 Shall emulously labour to maintain:

And may thy spirit, Edward, be their guide,  
 In ev'ry chapter Thou henceforth preside,  
 In ev'ry breast infuse thy virtuous flame,  
 And teach them to respect their country's fame.

*The S C E N E changes.*

## G E N I U S.

Astonishment seals up his lips---his heart  
 Runs o'er with gratitude---thy God-like mind,  
 Exalts thee, Edward, above human-kind;  
 And from the realms of everlasting day,  
 Calls down celestial Bards thy praise to sing;  
 Calls a bright troop of Spirits to survey  
 Thee, the great miracle on earth, a PATRIOT KING!

*Enter Bards, Druids, and Spirits, who all join Chorus.*

Hail! mighty nation, ever fam'd in war!  
 Lo, heav'n descends, thy festivals to share;  
 Celestial Bards in living lays shall sing,  
 BRITANNIA's glories, and her MATCHLESS KING.

*End of the MASQUE.*

*The following EXTRACTS from Selden's Titles of Honor, and Ashmole's Order of the Garter, are inserted to shew the Authority upon which we have founded some Part of our Installation.*

**A**ND so much the rather also, because we know by others of our own country, that in the self-same year, a solemn and great meeting of Knights was appointed by the King at Windsor Castle, for the setting up of his *Round Table* there, &c.

And it seems that out of the plot and purpose of this *Round Table* at Windsor, erected in the same year wherein the Order of the New Garter was instituted and appointed to be celebrated on St. George's day of the same year, as we may collect out of Froissart also, the Order itself had chief part at least of its original. And the other traditions touching the Garter of the Queen, or of the Countess of Kent and Salisbury, may well stand with this, thus far, that the word and the use of the Garter, began as the traditions suppose, but that the Order was raised chiefly out of this of the *Round Table* of that time, as out of a Seminary. For the *Round Table* was in special use in those ages, for the drawing together of the braver Knights and Ladies, &c.

Froissart likewise says, *Et ordonna* (Edward the Third) *que d'an en an le jour Saint Gregore, s'en feroit la feste dedans le chateau de Vindefore, le quell chateau le Roy Artur avoit fait faire autrefois edifier et in icelui tenir la noble Table ronde, &c.* SELDEN, edit. 1672. pag. 658.

King Edward the Third having designed to restore the honor of the *Round Table*, held a justice at Windsor, in the 18th year of his reign, (but there is an old manuscript chronicle that has these words: King Edward in his 19th year begun his *Round Table*, and ordained the day



day annually to be kept there at Whitsuntide) and this meeting, in truth, occasioned the foundation of the most noble Order of the Garter, as shall be noted by and by.

*Asbmole*, edit. 1672, pag. 96.

He (Edward the Third) did thereupon first design (as being invited thereto by its antient fame) the restauration of King Arthur's *Round Table*, which he exhibited with magnificent hastiludes and general jousts, to invite hither the gallant and active spirits from abroad; and upon discovery of their courage and ability in the exercise of arms, to draw them to his party, and oblige them to himself.

Though King Edward so far advanced the honor of a Garter, as that the Order did derive its title and denomination from it; yet it is most evident, that he founded this more famous Order, not to give reputation to, or perpetuate an effeminate occasion, but to adorn martial virtue with honor, rewards, and splendor: to increase virtue and valour in the hearts of his nobility; or, as Andrew du Chesne saith, to honor military virtue with some glorious favours and rewards; that so true nobility (as is noted in the preface to the black book of the Order) after long and hazardous adventures, should not enviously be deprived of that honor which it hath really deserved; and that active and hardy youth might not want a spur in the profession of virtue, which is to be esteemed glorious and eternal.

Upon these grounds no doubt does our learned Selden affirm, that this Order was raised chiefly out of the *Round Table* of that time (the Knights thereof being in the flower of that age) as out of a seminary.

*Asbmole*, page 182.

F I N I S.



